THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JUNE, 1876. NO. 4.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows:

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott], German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy [Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Porrey], Natural Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

There are also valuable Libraries belonging to the Philomathetian and Philadelphian Societies.

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There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

CALENDAR.

1876.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	July 16.
	Examination for Admission,	July 17.
	Alumni Day,	July 18.
	Commencement,	July 19.
	College year begins	Sept. 7.

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The Undergraduate.

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REPENT.

The farmer smiled to see his bursting barns,
His fields yet ripening in the summer's sun,
And cried, with pride upswelling from his heart,
"Lo, what the toil of my two hands hath done!"
A sweet voice whispered from the rustling wheat—
"To God, who giveth increase, praise is meet."

"There is not room within those little sheds
To store from loss and theft my yellow grain;
So will I build me greater, that I may
Rejoice and cheer my soul with this my gain."
Still plead that angel whisper, low and sweet—
"Give to the poor who have no food to eat."

"Cease troubling me! Why should I not be glad?
For hard hath been my toil, and long the strife;
Now will I laugh and fill my heart with joy,
And live right merrily the rest of life."
"O fool," the angel whispered with a sigh,
"Repent, for thou this very night shalt die."

C. P.

TURGENIEFF.

Frau Lenore imagined Russia to be simply "eternal snow, fur cloaks, military men, obedient peasants," and celebrated abroad for nothing; not even so much as the "invention of a mouse-trap." She was greatly surprised to hear of Russia's music, and still more at the idea of a Russian Literature. Frau Lenore's notion of Russia is a very common one. But doubtless the great "Eastern Question" will now do much toward discovering to the blind that Russia has just claims to importance in the literary as well as political world. Russian literature is of recent birth, and thus comes to us with all the freshness of a new and hopeful life. Imperialism has always stood in mortal dread of letters, and Russian emperors, like some others well known in history, have until quite lately held to a very convenient method of banishing every man of letters suspected to be of any importance. Such an atmosphere is not just the best adapted to the growth of a national literature. Pushkin, the Byron of the North, began the good work, but was very soon banished for his presumption. Lermontof, his friend and follower in poetry, caught up the fallen flowers and cultivated them with care. But he too was suddenly invited by the great Nicholas to pack off to the Caucasus. The novel succeeded no better with Gogol, who could only prepare the way for Turgenieff, and then betake himself to a more genial climate. The method worked well and was an especial favorite with Nicholas. But he, like any other monarch, must reach the fulness of his span, and with the final banishment of himself beyond "the Stygian creek" passed away the severe proscription of the rising literature. From out of the despair and morbidness of Nicholas' reign Gogol sounded the first clear note of the grand sonata of Liberty. Turgenieff followed him boldly, urging on the nascent revolution in society. With the advent of the present Emperor a new and cheering dawn appeared. Russian genius is now free to seek the certain recognition which it justly merits.

Ivan Turgenieff, poet and novelist, born at Orel, 1818; banished, of course, upon the appearance of his first work; and now living in Paris. Neither the greatest nor "one of the greatest of living novelists;" neither is he the equal of Dickens and Thackeray, nor would "two or three of his characters be sufficient stock in trade for the entire professional career of an ordinary novelist"— unless he were extra-ordinary in the poverty of material. This, to be honest; as well as to guard against the absurdities of critical adulation. But this is by no means saying that he is not an important writer, and that his books are not agreeable and profitable reading. As the representative and chief of Russian literature, as well as for the real beauty

and worth of the works themselves, his books ought to attract the attention of every lover of literature. He is not powerful nor profound. He cannot be tragic or sublime. He makes but small pretensions, and wins complete success. The delicate touch, the tender sympathy with human passion and the earnest regard for common life, make a most delightful substitute for the sickly melodrama that froms the inevitable substance of so many novels of the day. Simplicity is his ruling principle, and is constantly springing forth clothed in new and unthought of beauties. His work is a series of pictures, choice bits of Russian scenery. Now a portrait of the despised serf or pompous noble, and now bright gleams of fresh and sunny landscape, where we have long thought of nothing but barren steppe. The interest of these sketches is in their life and truthfulness. The details of domestic life and society become familiar to the reader unawares, and fill up the story with solid worth and interest. Read "Lear." Here a whole story is but a single portrait. The typical Russian farmer, with the details essential to a perfect picture. Turgenieff narrates, describes, but does not invent. He never goes to imagination for characters. He says of himself: "I could not invent anything if I tried. All my characters are taken from life. I am only a photographer." He even is sparing of his own comments and opinions. There seems an entire absence of self. But it can all be read between the lines. The impression left is not mistaken. This is the charm. This very artlessness and simplicity is the secret of his effect and power. Even in the lack of art his art is found.

There is no need here of an extended plot and multiplicity of characters. A simple plan of structure only is necessary, and this we seem to detect in a mode of antithesis. Two types of character, two modes of thought or elements of passion are brought out in contrast. In "Spring Floods" it is the pretty and pure "Gemmra" against the abandoned "Maria Nikolaeovna," the character of the innocent with that of the *roue*. In another it is the noble and Christian "Liza," and the worldly wickedness of "Varvara Paulovna." Or again, in "Fathers and Sons," the positive philosopher joins issue with the man of common sense; the old age of faith with the new age of doubt. Thus two opposite types are made to bring each other into relief, and these with a few simple auxiliaries are sufficient for a complete picture.

If Turgenieff must be compared with any English writer, we prefer to liken him to George McDonald, whom he does "strongly resemble" in many respects, as the liberty he assumes in the portrayal of vice, and the moral he teaches, but never draws. He also evidently accepts McDonald's theory, that a novel, to be a novel, need not necessarily end in the stereotyped way, with happy marriages and general joy. This would often be impossible to Turgenieff, simply because it would be unnatural and foreign to his purpose. The influence of foreign culture is strongly marked in many of his novels, showing a wide acquaintance with classical learning and contemporary literature. One character even is made to talk familiarly of Emerson and Cooper. His earlier writing was a plea for the serfs, and proved to be for Russia what Uncle Tom's Cabin was for us. For this grand work he was invited to leave his country; which he did, and never returned. After this, French morality and German metaphysics get into his works very frequently under Russian names. Perhaps the best of his stories which we have in English is "Fathers and Sons," in which Bazarof, "the nihilist," represents the new generation of scepticism. Listen to a bit of his philosophy: — "If I have a negative, sceptical mind, that depends on my sensations. It is pleasant for me to deny, my brain is thus constructed. And that is all! Why does chemistry please me? Why do you like apples? Always by virtue of sensations." But it is for the sketches of purely Russian life that we care the most. And for such of these as have been rendered in English we owe the translators at least the reward of perusal. The perusal will not be without pleasure or profit.

THE GREATEST NOVELIST—WHO IS HE?

As a partial step towards answering this question, it may be said with certainty that the honor belongs to the English language. When, moreover, we add that no lady can claim pre-eminence in this department of literature, we shall have restricted the competitors to a narrow territory—to Britain and a Britisher. It will appear from a careful examination into the matter that we do no injustice to any nation or individual by reducing the question to this limited compass.

We assert, then, that this honor belongs to either England or Scotland. This is easily made evident. If we search through the literature of the continent we shall find that it has not produced a single great novelist, at least of the first rank. The best writers of fiction belonged to the school of Cervantes and Le Sage. They were romancers, not novelists. Hans Anderson was a very graceful writer, but not a great one. When Turgenieff appeared, great things were predicted of him, and he has shown genius and done excellent work, but he cannot as yet be ranked among the first novelists of the world; Louisa Muhlbach wrote well in the historical department, yet no one would think of placing her in the first rank of novel-writers; Alexander Dumas, *pere*, George Sand and Victor Hugo have been very successful, and their works are popular, but popularity is not the criterion of merit. As a man, Dumas was careless and licentious, and he stamped the impress of his character upon his books. But notwithstanding his defects, he was received with favor in some quarters, and there are those who say that the equal of *The Count of Monte Christo* is not. He had great abilities; and the rich stock of humor and variety of incidents displayed in his works would have placed him high in the roll of novelists, if he had written with care and a decent respect for morality. Victor Hugo is more moralizer than novelist, and he and George Sand are among the best of those authors whose popularity passes away with the period in which they live. Auerbach writes in a style that is simple and charming, and his *Villa on the Rhine* is a model of grace, yet he is not among the first. Cherbuliez, the most promising young novelist of France, is full of wit and skillful in character-drawing; whether he is ever to be called one of the best of all novelists, however, remains a secret of the future.

In our own country, the condition of affairs is not much different. We have certainly had some eminent novelists, but it is doubtful if they can enter the contest for superiority with any chance of success. But turning to Britain, we find there an abundance of names which will suggest themselves to one's mind the moment a discussion arises concerning pre-eminence in novel-writing. Indeed, from the days of Richardson to those of Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, England has scarcely ever been without at least one great novelist. They sprang up one after another; each in turn was superseded by another. Among these are the names of Charlotte Bronte, Miss Mulock and George Eliot, who stand confessedly at the head of women novelists. There are those who would give to George Eliot the first place, both among women and among men, but while willingly yielding her the former distinction, we deny that she has any title to the second. Her glory fades almost into insignificance before the brightness of such names as Scott and Dickens. Certain it is, at any rate, that when the contest is finally decided—if that time ever comes—to neither the authoress of *Jane Eyre* nor of *John Halifax*, nor of *Adam Bede*, will the highest honor be awarded.

In England alone, then, are we to seek the prince of novelists. After thoroughly sifting the mass of names which present themselves, we find that there are just five persons who have a good title to be considered. These are Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer, Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Out of these five must the successful one be chosen.

We have now narrowed the question to quite a small compass. But here a difficulty arises; We are to select from these five names one which towers so high that there shall be no doubt

as to his superiority. This, however, it is impossible to do with any degree of satisfaction; for wherever there is more than one person there is more than one way of thinking. If five equally able critics were to give their opinions on this question, each one would be likely to express a different preference, while a sixth would probably say that no choice can be made between them; that the difference is one of kind rather than of degree.

Here, then, we have five persons who stand above all others in the art of novel-writing, each of them occupying the first place in some particular branch of the art. Scott's greatness lies in his delineations of unfettered life among the mountains of his native land; Bulwer excels as a depictor of English life among the upper classes, and exhibits a great inventive genius; Thackeray owes his place to his humorous satire of rich men's foibles, and his cutting blows at the follies of society; Dickens is great in the power of painting the humorous and pathetic, which are found in all his works, and in representations of life among the poor; and as for Wilkie Collins, he certainly surpasses all his rivals in intricacy of plot and in the skill with which he governs the *denouement*. He has been called a sensation artist, but if so, he is easily at the head of the class.

Now, what course are we to pursue? Shall we say that there is *no* greatest novelist? or that there is such an unheard of anomaly as five greatest novelists? Truly, it is like setting before us the five greatest delicacies in the world and compelling us to choose one of them to the exclusion of the rest. Can such a choice be made?

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

By its own worth literary criticism has worked itself into a position of prominence and power, and its very success is beginning to work its destruction. Like other branches of the literary profession, it has advanced from Grub Street to the Queen's Court; and the few who made it powerful even in poverty are increased to a host of parasites in this the day of its triumph. Far from its being the distinguishing feature of a few journals, it has become a necessity to every periodical, and the so-called "literary editor" is a matter of fact with even our daily papers.

To fit him for his position, a certain acquaintance with books is needed, a petulant disposition and a facile pen. Thus equipped, he is prepared to sit in judgment like "an envious Juno * * * cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring."

Enter the sanctum and behold this creature of the nineteenth century. He is waging a war of extermination. Every hair bristles with conscious power. His brow is knit. He grasps the pen with inflexible purpose, drops it into the poison before him, and dabs. The victim writhes in torment. The brow relaxes; a smile creeps over his face; the deed is done, and he is victor. Merciless man that he is, why could he not, in the consciousness of his might, spare the fly beneath his giant thumb?

Imagine this man before the masters of modern thought. Some work of an eminent man is presented to him, and what does he say of it? What can he say who has no opinion of his own? Of necessity he falls into the crowd of worshippers, and swings from his little censer his tiny wreath of sickening praise.

But here is one, with more conscience or brains than his fellows, who knows well that the wonderful work is even inferior to Mr. Sigher's book of Sonnets, which has gone a-begging to every publishing house in Gotham; and how the heart applauds to see him bolt the rank of idolaters and write: "We are not sure that it can be pronounced a success; * * * even as poetry it presents but few remarkable lines or phrases. * * * It wants passion." How it rejoices us to find that he can be a man, and not merely a puppet. We read with pleasure, even though we may disagree, and rejoice that we have found an honest critic, when lo! we read: "As a whole the work is worthy of the great mind that gave it birth, and is fitted to be placed among the gems of literature." Bah! How is the mighty fallen! Poor man! horrified at his own treason, he has shrunk back repentant to the herd. Our confidence is destroyed, and never again shall we trust a "literary editor."

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, JUNE, 1876.

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Address all communications to THE UNDERGRADUATE, Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communications will be noticed.

EDITORIAL.

IN REPY to the statement made by one of its exchanges that education is the storing up of facts, the *University Press* tritely but justly remarks: "That there are so many educated fools, is not because they do not know a sufficient number of facts, but often it is because they know too many facts. The consciousness of the mere fact of having graduated frequently destroys the mental equilibrium." Although it is a trite topic, yet there can not be too much outcry made against the false notion which the *Press* combats. It is too true and lamentably true that, in the eyes of many, a knowledge of facts is the *summum bonum* of education. He who has been obliged to resort to the teaching of our district schools has been especially struck with this truth, as he has observed the general eagerness of his pupils to find an answer to the question How? and their astonishment when he has flashed it upon their minds that there is a question Why? as well. To seek the primary cause of this notion were to force the secret of a Proteus, and it is not our intention to wrestle with the ocean-god. Under the old methods of instruction which are not yet entirely relinquished in our district schools it is fostered, and thence it enters our colleges. One might think that such a notion would be dissipated under the strong light of higher instruction, but a false foundation is seldom recognized as false until the superstructure cracks. Moreover, there is one system firmly established in all our American colleges which is a tropical climate to this rank weed. We refer to the system of honors and prizes. Every Freshman feels a desire to shine before his fellows, and a class leadership or a commencement honor dances before him too much like will-o'-the-wisps —too apt to lead him into a mental swamp. The way to glory is plain enough. A ready answer, a glib recitation, a knowledge of things and not of principles, are the means of his success. The honor becomes the goal of ambition, and, if the desire to possess it engenders no worse evil, it creates a superficial habit of study, a blind devotion to the text-books, and strikes a death-blow to original thought. The whys and wherefores are too seldom necessary to a brilliant recitation, and as a brilliant recitation is alone his care, the whys and wherefores are left unheeded and unsought. The result is, that often a valedictory is spoken to a class in more senses than one; and while the seemingly dull plodder enters life with an Excalibur to cut his way through thick and thin toward the goal which he saw shining above and beyond the tinsel glitter of a college prize, his brighter classmate having already reached *his* goal, lies down with an overloaded mental stomach to dream of the victory won, and arises from his nooning a mental dyspeptic.

We know of many who would scoff this statement of ours as untrue, and plead for the system we denounce as the only one which is capable of arousing lethargic pupils and inciting them to severe application. They would point to the few who have taken high rank in their college course and thence have climbed to the higher and more noble planes in active life. In answer, we can only point to the far greater number who have been meteors in the college sky, shining for the

while only to disappear in a downward flight, and boldly assert what we firmly believe, that these successful ones to whom they point have never been influenced by a college prize in their struggles for an honorable career. They have had for their incentives the love of study and the ultimate honor of a scholars' fame. These it is which have placed them at the head of their classes and forced upon them the honors which came as a matter of course. To the statement that prizes are needed to arouse the indolent, we only answer that such men have no business to enter upon a student's life. If they enter it not for the love of it, but for the sake of its baubles, never will those baubles inspire them with the earnestness requisite to make them reapers of its imperishable rewards. Better for them to remain upon the farm, or in the workshops, or in other more congenial pursuits.

We wish to say a word in the library's behalf to the Alumni. There is nothing so essential to the college as it. No one will feel inclined to deny this. Our college is an institution of learning, founded to furnish it to those who desire it; it is for learning that we seek these halls and spend in them four years of study. But all the learning of the past is not stored up in the few text-books required by the curriculum, nor can it be upon the tongues of our instructors. We must have books to supplement our instruction, and to which we can turn, not merely for facts, but for inspiration. Next to the incentive to study gained from a personal contact with an enthusiastic instructor, is that gained from the written thoughts of a scholar. And these things being so, it follows not only that a college library should be well stocked with the core of past intelligence, but that it should be enabled to fill itself with the works of modern thinkers year by year. Our own library in some respects is excellent; in others, sadly deficient. In the literature of the past it is rich; in the works of modern times it is poor. In the departments of fiction, philosophy and philology it needs an infusion of youthful blood to make it what it should be. To work changes that shall be beneficial a generous endowment is needed; the means now at the disposal of the institution are ridiculously small. Some time ago a library fund was started, but at the present rate of increase we understand a geologic period will need to intervene before it can be of any use. Why should not the Alumni bring this matter up before them and see what may be done to materialize that ghost whose presence we hear of, but whose form we see not.

It is said that there is a project afoot for forming an association among the colleges of New England for the purpose of holding inter-collegiate contests between themselves. We hope that this will be done, and above all things do we hope that our own college will join the association. There is no good reason why we should be behind all the other institutions of learning in everything that pertains to educational matters and interests, as thus far we always have been, and as we ought to be no longer. Middlebury College would, we think, do an excellent thing for herself if she would only join the proposed association, and send representatives to the contests. We do not mean to say or imply that her delegates would always be likely to carry off the prizes for which they might compete, yet they would have as good a chance as those from other colleges, and we know that Middlebury has had men who would have done her honor in any contest in oratory, mathematics or languages. If it is inconvenient or impossible at present to send men to represent us, yet it might and should be done in the years of the immediate future. And even if they should get defeated, the benefit derived would be immense. The representatives would, of course, be selected by preliminary competitive examinations and contests, and no person can take part in such trials without getting great good therefrom, so that even those who might fail of an appointment would yet be vastly abler and stronger intellectually after the attempt, and better prepared for success another time. Schol-

arship, literary attainments and general culture would of a necessity be greatly increased. Our representatives would, to be sure, stand a splendid chance of defeat and personal mortification, but their risk would be no greater than that of those from other colleges, and where no risk is run no prize is won. Courage is always as necessary to success in an intellectual contest as in one of arms.

> None but the brave,
> None but the brave,
> None but the brave deserve the fair.

sang Dryden, and why is it not as true of fair fame as of fair women? Honor, methinks, were as great a prize as ever lovely Thais was. And now, suppose that Middlebury's men should at first suffer defeat, what of that? There would be no disgrace about it, for those of most of the other institutions would fare exactly the same. But suppose, again, that while recognizing the probability of failure, yet knowing the possibility of success, that this college should be represented in the contests, would it not be an immensely fine thing for her—would it not be a mighty, flaming feather in her cap of pride, if some fine morning there should flash over the wires a telegram of the following import: *The first prizes in——— and in ——— are awarded to —— ——, and to —— ——, of Middlebury College, Vermont?* Verily, would not the old Green Mountains skip like rams and the hills go wild with joy?

Every student feels the need of a good gymnasium, and, could we have one, it would be most heartily welcomed by all as a means of healthy relaxation from college duties. But as we have none, can we not do the next best thing — substitute something in the place of it which will in a measure answer its purpose? Boating-clubs are out of the question, as we have no suitable place for practice. Why can't we systematically arrange some field sports, which would furnish an opportunity for pleasant and healthy recreation? We can form ourselves into an athletic association for this purpose, adopt some plan of action, and, to give it a zest and "go-off," each one might subscribe a small sum for prizes, to be given to the winners in whatever we might engage. We could practice in jumping, throwing, foot races, foot-ball, &c., as we had time, and then have some day set apart as a general gala-day, when we might contest in these various ways — the victors to be awarded suitable rewards. In some way like this we might secure for ourselves what we miss in not having a gymnasium. It would give us a relaxation from the daily routine of study, and furnish means for physical development and recreation, all at comparatively small cost. Other colleges have these athletic associations, and so may we. Who will set the ball in motion?

Again base ball has become "the rage," and each pleasant day the campus resounds with the hearty shouts of its lovers. We are glad to see that many of the students are taking advantage of the recreation and pleasant exercise that it affords. We hope to see this enthusiasm extend throughout the whole number of students to such an extent that it will result in the organization of a first-class club. With a very little expense the grounds might be made very good. The arrangement of the bases needs to be changed so that the basemen and the fielder will not have the sun shining in their faces. With this alteration, and the addition of a few loads of sand, our ball grounds will be complete. But before this will be done, we must show interest enough in the game to form some organization. We venture to say that Middlebury College has had a nine each year since base ball became the rage that would compare very favorably with any club in the state. The college contains as good material this year as it ever has, and all that is needed now is to form a base ball association, select the players, and have them practicing in a systematic manner.

Delusion is short, repentance long.—*Schiller.*

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Who stole that coffin-plate?

Prof. Phelps will sail for Germany, July 8.

Commencement week begins Sunday, July 16.

The Campus "smiles again in its robe of green."

The examination of the Seniors will close July 1.

The Juniors will not be represented at Parkerian.

The Sophs have made a coast survey of Lake Dunmore, instead of Lake Champlain!!

Mr. W. A. Remele, who lost a part of his "walking apparatus" last fall, has been made whole again.

The members of the Philadelphian have secured Prof. Mead, of Oberlin, as their commencement orator.

Summer is almost here, and no more are board burning temporary boarders *bored* by kindly disposed Profs.

The students dancing school, under Prof. Hatch, closed with a very pleasant hop in Negus' hall, Friday evening, May 26.

The Choral Society intend to favor the people of Middlebury with a concert soon. With Prof. Higley as leader, it can not fail of success.

When a student bows to a young lady at a window, he should be sure he knows to whom he is bowing, or he may smile on some unknown servant girl.

Barnes, the photographer, has taken some excellent views of the college buildings which, with plans of the grounds, &c., will be sent to the Centennial.

Some of the students are doing a very commendable work in the way of holding religious meetings in the surrounding districts every Sunday evening.

The appointments for Parkerian, are as follows: Sophomores—Atwood, Hardy, Fish and Manley. Freshmen—Brainerd, Chapman, Dawson and Hulbert.

May we infer from the fact that so many of the Seniors are learning to "tread the mazy," that the usual Commencement Hop will be unusually high-toned?

If a student should lean against a lamp-post down town to rest, and the *Undergraduate* should make mention of the fact, would that be called a slur on the lamp-post?

We are pleased to note the improvement in the chapel choir. 'Tis quite a change from the soul harrowing discords to which we have been compelled to listen in times past.

Prof. Parker is making quite an extensive addition to his house (upwards). Prof. Higley has also improved the appearance of his dwelling by the addition of a dormer window.

The first game of base ball of the season was played on the college grounds Saturday, between the Freshmen and the "Subs."

When a frequent visitor at the house of some bewitching one calls and finds that the clock has been turned ahead about forty-five minutes, is he to understand it as a polite hint that his calls are not acceptable?

Hills & Bowers, of Burlington, furnished the photos for '76, and gave excellent satisfaction. Messrs. H. & B. had on exhibition life-sized pictures finished in India ink, which were a credit to the art.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." If you don't believe it, stand outside the church door some Sunday evening and behold the unusual sight of student after student walking off with a "Dolly Varden" on his arm. "Beware, take care, *he's* fooling thee."

As one of the Sophs was galloping madly down Pleasant street the other day, with coat tails floating to the breeze, and his charger all flecked with foam, (that's good) the aforesaid charger collided with a cow, and the Soph got off. Let this be a solemn warning to all students, "Equo ne credite."

The Chi Psi Fraternity will hold their 36th annual convention at Middlebury, with Alpha Mu, June 7th and 8th. The literary exercises will be presided over by ex-Gov. John W. Stewart. The oration is to be delivered by Prof. Allen, of Chicago, Ill., and the poem by Richard S. Holmes, of Auburn, N. Y.

Some of those naughty botanical Juniors have a very pleasant way of pressing their specimens. They arrange them in button hole bouquets, then spend the evening with some damsel. The next morning the flowers are pressed beautifully. We suppose they are acting on Prof. Seely's suggestion, that they should get up their herbariums by fair means.

The following is the order of exercises at the approaching commencement of the college:

Sunday, July 16 — 2 o'clock P. M., Baccalaureate sermon by the President. Evening, anniversary exercises of the Philadelphian Society; address by Rev. Hiram Mead, D. D., of Oberlin, O.

Tuesday, July 18 — 8:30 A. M., annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in one of the recitation rooms. 9:30 o'clock, preliminary meeting of the Associated Alumni in the college chapel. 11 o'clock, address at the church by A. E. Rankin, class of 1854. Dinner and social reunion. Evening, Parkerian prize speaking.

Wednesday, July 19 — 8:30 o'clock A. M., annual meeting of the Associated Alumni at the college chapel. 10:30 o'clock, orations and other exercises of the graduating class. Masters' oration by George W. Brooks, class of 1873. Degrees conferred.

The Inaugural Address of Pres. Hulbert has been published, and will be sent to the address of every alumnus. It is neatly printed and bound, and forms a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages. The expense of printing has been considerable, and should not be allowed to fall heavily upon the institution; hence any contributions from the alumni who may feel disposed to assist in their payment will be gladly received by the Treasurer of the College.

PERSONALS.

The Alumni are requested to forward any information relative to former students at Middlebury which it may chance to be in their power to furnish.

'23. Hon. Harvey Button of Wallingford was in town a few days since, and paid a visit to the college.

'26. Rev. Edwin Hall, D. D., who has been a professor in the Auburn Theo. Seminary for the last 22 years, has resigned his chair and has been voted an annuity of $1,000 for the rest of his life by the institution.

'40. Hon E. J. Phelps, LL. D., of Burlington, Vt., was a member of the Political Reform Convention, which met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, May 15.

'45. Prof. J. Adams Allen, M. D., LL.D., of Chicago, is to deliver the address at the annual convention of the Chi Psi fraternity at Middlebury, June 8.

'50. Prof. Hiram Mead of Oberlin is to deliver the address before the Philadelphian Society, next Commencement.

'58.–'56. Rev. E. J. Thompson is the professor of Mathematics in the University of Minnesota, situated in Minneapolis, and Rev. Moses Marston occupies the chair of English Literature in the same institution.

'62. Col. Aldace F. Walker delivered the oration on Decoration Day, at Arlington, Vt.

'62. Mr. R. S. Holmes of Auburn, N. Y., is to deliver the poem at the annual convention of the Chi Psi fraternity, at Middlebury, June 8.

'63. Hon. N. B. Smith, of Pulaski, N. Y., has suffered a severe loss in the sudden death of his father, Mr. N. J. Smith, of Clarendon, Vt.

'63. Hon. R. S. Tuthill was elected city attorney on the reform ticket at the last elections in Chicago.

'64. Dr. Hemmenway, of Manchester, whose health is somewhat impaired on account of a hard winter's work, has come to Rutland for a few days' rest and is visiting at Capt. Burnham's. We hope the Doctor will soon regain his usual health.—*Rutland Herald.*

'65. Mr. M. De L. Collister is a successful lawyer at Waseca, Minn. He holds the office of County Att'y for Waseca Co.

'67. Mr. Geo. E. Lawrence is Judge of the Municipal Court of Rutland, Vt.

'69. Mr. Frank Church has entered the mercantile business at Denver, Colorado.

'70. Mr. Sydney A. Giffin, of Ludlow, was married to Miss Louisa Albee, of Ludlow, Saturday, May 20.

'71. We are proud to learn of the popularity which Marsh O. Perkins sustains in Windsor, where he has been engaged for the past five years as principal of the high school. It is said that no school in the State bears a more enviable reputation for thoroughness in the branches taught.—*Rut. Herald.*

'71. Mr. E. J. Davenport has for the last two years filled the office of clerk of the Municipal Court at Minneapolis, Minn. He gives universal satisfaction.

'71. Mr. H. C. Robbins, of Ludlow, Vt., has supplied the Baptist pulpit in Wallingford, Vt., for the past year. Under his teaching the church has prospered spiritually, and many have been added to its roll of membership.

'72. Rev. E. L. Walker occupies the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal church at Bristol, Vt.

'73. Mr. H. M. Tenney has been called to Wallingford, Conn., and not to Steubenville, O., as before noticed.

'74. Mr. A. Louis Miner is studying law in his father's office at Manchester, Vt.

'74. Mr. L. H. Batchelder is connected, as an instructor, with the Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J.

'74. Mr. G. G. Ryan is a professor in Claverack College, Claverack, N. Y.

'74. Mr. T. W. Darling was in town last week, *en route* for Omaha, Neb., to the Cong. church in which place he has received a call.

'76. Mr. S. R. Kitchel graduates from Williams College with an honorary appointment to the commencement stage.

NOTES.

The establishment of an inter-collegiate literary association is contemplated in New Exgland.—*Ex.*

Hobart college has but nineteen students.—*Ex.*

Student to young lady—"Who is that fellow? I have seen him lots of times, but can't seem to place him." Young lady—"Oh, that is the bar-tender at the Preble." Student now places him without any difficulty.—*Bowdoin Orient.*

The most unsuccessful attempt at a literal translation we have heard of, lately, was the rendering of the passage, "*Non opimae Sardiniae segetes feraces,*" "Not fierce crops of fat sardines."—*Dartmouth.*

Some time since a delinquent Fresh coming in to recitation late, as usual, was asked by Prof. as to cause of his lateness, and replied that he had been to see his physician. "What does the Doctor say ails you?" asked the Prof. "Why, I don't remember, sir. It was some big Latin name." Prof.—"Was it *non compos mentis?*" "Oh, yes," replied Fresh, "that was it, and he says I have it bad."—*Dickinsonian.*

The following was placed under a Senior's door while he was at dinner:

"When a Senior is absent from his place of duty in 'Hist Civ'n' (History of Civilization) he can learn the feelings of his instructor by reading Psalms cii, v. 3-11. J. C. F.

April 26, 1876."

To which the Senior replies by citing Job xviii, v. 1–2, which reads: "Then answered Bildad, the Shuhite, and said, 'How long will it be ere ye make an end of words? *Mark*, and afterwards we will speak.'" —*Volante.*

Prep. (gazing at the bust of Daniel Webster).—"To think that one head composed the dictionary!" —*Ex.*

The students at the U. V. M. have set out Centennial trees upon the campus.

The annual regatta for the Association and Osborne cups was rowed at Wesleyan college, April 29. '76 were the victors over '77—time, 21-3¾.

Mathematical Prof.—"What is the reciprocal of secant I?" Student—(unconsciously,) "I can't see." —*Ex.*

The jingle of silver is heard in the land, but not in college, not in college—elsewhere.—*Univ. Herald.*

Several of the leading students at the University of Minnesota were lately suspended for refusing to inform the faculty who were the authors of the "rams" which were circulated at the last Junior Ex. They have appealed to the Board of Regents, so that the end is not yet.

THE SANCTUM.

Among our new exchanges are the *College Record*, *Asbury Review*, and *College Review*. We add them with pleasure to our list. The latter is a new paper from the Maine State College, and is curious enough in its "make up." It is divided into four departments, viz: Agricultural, Chemical, Engineering and General. We wish it long life and prosperity.

The *Winnowings from the Mill* for May has made an improvement by adopting a cover, and has made a mistake by dropping the department of personals. Of the literary articles, perhaps "The Antiquity of Man" is the best. The marking system is attacked vigorously, but nothing new is brought out.

The *Bowdoin Orient* has our sympathy in its remarks on "The Teaching of Languages." We too have enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of recognizing a former acquaintance in some word which we have chased not over-calmly through all the quirks and quirls of a German dictionary. To its method of remedying the evil we would add that afforded by class conversations. Two hours a week devoted to conversation (however imperfect at first), and corrections by the Professor, are worth a month's study of the grammar alone. The *Orient* gives us this pretty translation from the German:

When the first of morning rays
Flies through valleys sunk in haze,
Hills and woods, awakening, sing;
Then, whate'er can fly, takes wing.

Then man throws his cap in air.
Shouts for joy, nor thinks of care;
Now, since songs, like birds, take wing,
Loudly, merrily I'll sing.

To such a periodical as the *Lafayette College Journal*, wholly given up to college matters, good editorials are necessary that it be of interest to its exchanges, and its editors recognize the fact.

The *Williams Athenæum* has fallen into the hands of a new board of editors, which has entered upon its work with vigor. "No change in the general policy of the paper" will be made except that space heretofore devoted to literary matter will be lessened. The new editors have no need to fear for their inexperience; their first number is fully up to its predecessors.

We wish that the *Dickinsonian* were in a more convenient form, for it is always readable and deserves to be made more attractive. The May number contained a rambling but interesting article entitled "An Olio." Its only blemish, perhaps, was a carelessness in the construction of sentences, to illustrate which we extract the following rhetorical curiosity—"Meissonier is a capricious, captious little old man, with a soldierly air, painting microscopic figures on tiny pages, which he sells for greenbacks enough to cover the entire walls of his magnificent chateau at Poissy, an old, old town forty minutes from Paris, built by the Cesars, and where I once spent a month, seeing only such old fashioned things and ways that I felt like an antiquarian."

The *College Argus* for May 6, is likely to be the most interesting number of the volume. No subject could have been chosen of more interest than *Richard Brinsly Sheridan* for an historical sketch, and we seldom read pleasanter articles in our exchanges than the one upon that subject in the *Argus*. We are in hearty sympathy with the writer of that article on "College Courtesy," although we do not believe that the evil of boorishness is so wide-spread as he seems to think. We are doubtful too as to the "good results" which he believes would arise from such a study as he proposes. Where the doors of good society are barred against the student *nothing* can keep off the rust of ill manners, and where its doors are opened but its privileges refused on account of "the pressure of study," the student is another Ephraim. Better let him rust.

Guyot's Books Placed First

By the Highest Foreign Authority.

From the Report on Geography, at the Vienna Exposition, to the French Government, by E Levasseur, a member of the International Jury This learned geographer is a member of the Institute, Professor in the College of France, and Commissioner to organize a National System of geographical instruction.

"Ils [other geographies.—Ed.] dérivent tous du type créé par M. Arnold Guyot. Ce savant, dont le dernier 'Atlas Physical Geography' rapelle dignement le premier ouvrage, la Terre et l'Homme, a senti que la géographie avait besoin d'etre comprise plus encore qu'apprise; il s'est appliqué à donner l'intelligence des grands lois de la nature à ses élèves, et à inspirer par là le sentiment de l'harmonie que préside à l'arrangement du monde; rendant l'enseignement élevé et interessant par des vues générales, en même temps que simple et accessible à des enfants, il est devenu le créateur d'une méthode féconde... ..La méthode la plus suivie ou du moins la plus originale est celle de M. Arnold Guyot. Elle se fonde, comme la méthode qui débute par la commune, sur la facilité qu'ont les enfants de comprendre et de retenir par la vue; elle évite les définitions abstraites et la nomenclatures, et mettant à profit les scénes de la nature, tempêtes, cascades, paysages de forêts, les travaux des hommes tels que chasse, labourage, ou les lois élémentaires de la physique du globe, vent, hiver, elle intéresse par des images que le maître accompagne de descriptions, sans s'attacher précisément à décrire le lieu qu'il habite. Ces deux méthodes sont rationelles et bien préférable à celle qui consiste à faire apprendre par cœur, au début une longue série de définitions abstraites sur les termes géographiques, et à continuer par des séries de noms propres, mers, iles, villes, etc., sans commentaire; si l'on ajoute, ce que tous les auteurs de géographie blâment, mais ce que certains membres pratiquent, sans carte, on arrive à faire de la géographie, qui est par elle-même attrayante, l'enseignement le plus fastidieux et le plus sterile.....

"Je termine cette revue par les États-Unis. Nous y retrouvons M. Guyot, qui accomplit dans la cartographie murale la même révolution que dans le reste de l'enseignement géographique. Il s'applique surtout à mettre en lumiére les grands traits de la géographie physique, cours d'eau, plaines, versants, plateaux, hautes chaines; il emploie surtout le vert et le bistre, en réservant des blancs sur les plus hautes crêtes; son planisphére, son Amérique du Nord, et surtout ses États-Unis, qui ont les mérites de ses atlas transformés dans le style mural, sont exécutés avec une grande habileté. Les autres cartes murales que preséntaient les États-Unis étaient bien inférieures; les cartes particulières d'États n'avaient aucune des qualités propres aux cartes murales."

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